

MASS PLANS TO CUST VAN WYCK.



Alleges a Conspiracy by
Which the Tombs' Cell
Cost Was Doubled.

ATTACKS ARCHITECTS.

Claims They Conspired with
the Mayor to Injure Another
Firm's Reputation.

It may be that a little later the Mazet Committee will stir up some public interest in itself. Yesterday it reassembled in the County Court House after a recess of six weeks, and with some formality got back on the trail of certain city officials. But nobody seemed to care.

Nearly all of the testimony yesterday took the direction of an effort to prove that Horgan & Slattery, the firm of architects, had acted in collusion with Mayor Van Wyck and other influential Tammany men to destroy the work and the reputations of the architects who had been engaged by Mayor Strong to plan a new Tombs prison and a Hall of Records.

The attack on Horgan and Slattery began in the morning by examination of President Murphy, of the Health Board. Colonel Murphy said that Horgan & Slattery were authorized to plan the building at Fifty-fifth street and Sixth avenue, where the records of the Board are stored, and for other work, without competition.

The other work consisted in part in preparing plans for a morgue at the Willard Parker Hospital, and a new building on the grounds of the Kingston Avenue Hospital.

Treasurer Charles F. Murphy, of the Dock Board, said that Horgan & Slattery had drawn plans for a pier at North Second street, Brooklyn, which the chief engineer of the department had condemned.

Then Arthur J. Horgan was testified. He said he had been in partnership with Mr. Slattery for twelve years, that his firm had erected many buildings in the city, and he studied architecture for five years in the office of his grandfather, Colonel Arthur Crooks.

Mr. Moss began talking about the Tombs prison. Horgan & Slattery drew the plans for the prison that included steel cells at a cost of \$170,000.

It is charged that Horgan & Slattery, at the request of Mayor Van Wyck, overvalued the plans and changed them so that the cells would cost \$230,000.

This additional cost was due to the increased weight of the steel and to ornamentation. Horgan & Slattery also said that the beams called for in the original plans were not heavy enough to bear the weight.

Mr. Horgan said that he had never designed steel cells before, and that his firm had received 5 per cent. of the \$230,000. He said that he lives in Commissioner Lantry's district, that he knows John F. Carroll, but had never paid him any money.

Vincent J. Slattery, Mr. Horgan's partner, was called and testified. "You found fault with the Tombs plan?" "Yes; the plans were faulty."

"What was the matter with Mr. Dickson?" "Call Mr. Horgan and ask him about that."

"Are you the member of the firm who visits persons and seek to obtain contracts?" "Of course, I look after the business of our firm."

Mr. Moss began questioning Mr. Slattery about the Hall of Records. Slattery & Horgan overvalued the plans of John T. Thomas and reduced the cost of the building by knocking out some of the statues, substituting iron for marble, and so forth.

"The city saved a million dollars by the changes," said Mr. Slattery. "Architect John T. Thomas, who planned the new Hall of Records, denied that the Slattery & Horgan plans would reduce the cost \$1,000,000."

At the last Mr. Thomas said: "I think the Mayor has been deceived by Horgan & Slattery."

Mr. Horgan came to the witness chair and for twenty minutes refused to answer technical questions. Then he began to answer them, and displayed plenty of knowledge of his profession.

Edward L. Carroll, brother of John F. Carroll, and Clerk of the Court of General Sessions, testified that his job yielded him about \$12,500 a year.

Sheffield Dunn being out of town, Mr. Moss called Deputy Sheriff Mulvaney and asked him if he had taken any steps to suppress gambling.

Mr. Mulvaney replied that there was a statute vesting Sheriff with power of action in such matters in counties that were imperfectly policed.

The committee will meet again to-day at 11 o'clock.

GUGGENHEIMER HIS AN AUGUST MAYOR.

Not Only as Regards the
Calendar, but in Point
of Dignity.

NO JOKING WITH HIM.

First Official Act of Van Wyck's
Substitute was for Public
Decency.

Randolph Guggenheimer, who has presided over the Municipal Council, listened impassively to the burning fulminations of "Mirabeau" Cassidy, told his fellow Councilmen without the quiver of an eyelid that they ought to be abolished and feasted his friends in a fairy land created by the magicians of Waldorf-Astoria, became Mayor of Greater New York yesterday with equal nonchalance, dignity, and that feeling trace of high-bred weariness which put victory, Secretary Farley and graceful Police Commissioner Hummel on keen edge to live up to the new order of things.

Robert A. Van Wyck had departed to



Some of the Witnesses Before the Mazet Committee.

Horgan and Slattery, the architects, were questioned concerning the changes in plans and specifications in public buildings made by Thomas and Withers, that it is claimed, increased the city's expense. Carroll told of his \$12,500 salary.

Saratoga to drink the waters and rest, and Guggenheimer ruled in his stead. He will sit in Van Wyck's seat through the month of August, and if anybody thinks he is not Mayor de facto as well as de jure, let him attempt to trifle with the dignity of the Acting Chief Magistrate of the second city of the world.

Acting Mayor Guggenheimer is a great stickler for the proprieties. He dislikes jokes and does not relish jokes. "Life is earnest" is his watchword. Any man who feels impelled to tell our Acting Mayor some good thing had better write it and then leave the State. Hoboken would be a good place for him until September.

One of the Acting Mayor's first official acts yesterday was to issue orders to the City Hall Guard police to keep the new boys who frequent the park from swimming in the park fountain. Last year Mr. Guggenheimer issued a similar order. Loiterers around the City Hall and loungers on its steps are also likely to find their privileges curtailed under Mr. Guggenheimer.

The Acting Mayor's office is of his preference for the dignified seclusion of the chief executive's office to the turbulent rostrum of the Council Chamber. Commencing the judicial temperament, which is the leading trait of Mr. Guggenheimer's character. The members of the Council have no appreciation of the points of parliamentary law, and when Mr. Guggenheimer springs one on them they are prone to treat it jealously.

Under the charter Mr. Guggenheimer cannot be at the same time Acting Mayor and President of the Council.

As it takes a three-fourths vote of the entire body to confirm the tax rate, and as one or more of the Brooklyn or Queens men are likely to kick over the traces, Mr. Guggenheimer's vote might be very necessary. His vote might also be needed on the bond issues.

Under the charter Mr. Guggenheimer cannot be at the same time Acting Mayor and President of the Council.

As it takes a three-fourths vote of the entire body to confirm the tax rate, and as one or more of the Brooklyn or Queens men are likely to kick over the traces, Mr. Guggenheimer's vote might be very necessary. His vote might also be needed on the bond issues.

BONES OF A BIG MAN
DUG UP IN WALL STREET.

Body of Prominent Burger, Perhaps,
Found by Excavators Under the
Astor Building.

Workmen digging for a foundation for a new engine plant under the big Astor building at No. 10 Wall street yesterday morning unearthed a skull, two pelvic bones and two thigh bones which belonged to a man about 6 feet 1 inch in height. The bones were sent to the Morgue.

Many years ago there was a Presbyterian graveyard along Wall street, and fifteen years ago, when the Astor building was erected, the excavators found hundreds of skeletons.

Of these dead and dug up Manhattanites boasted during their lives of pedigrees that William Waldorf Astor, of England, might envy.

This old-time burger formerly lay will soon be a great boiler and engine that will furnish power for the elevators on which daily many twentieth century Manhattanites ride and fall daily.

The bones—perhaps those of a great man—will, if unclaimed, be buried in Potter's Field.

New Play for Annie Russell.

Charles Frohman yesterday received a cablegram from Daniel Frohman, in which the latter agreed to an arrangement by which Annie Russell will begin the next season at the Lyceum Theatre, commencing on September 7, when she will produce a new comedy by Jerome K. Jerome entitled "The Good Girl."

Russell will be supported by Charles Richmond, late of Daly's Company, who will play the leading part. The play, though written by an English author, is laid in America, the scenes taking place near New Rochelle, New York.

Freedom Again for Bettina Gerard.

"I guess I'll go out and continue my drunk," said Bettina Gerard, once a famous actress, as she left the alcoholic ward of Bellevue Hospital yesterday, after a few hours' treatment was well enough to leave.

SUGGESTED GEMS IN A HANDKERCHIEF

Emanuel's Present to His
Wife Gets Him Into
Trouble.

CAUGHT AT THE PIER.

Jewels Worth \$2,500 Seized,
and the Rich Owner
Held for Trial.

Mopping his forehead with a huge silk handkerchief, which he carried wadded in his hand, A. H. Emanuel, a wealthy New Yorker, walked down the gang planks of the North German Lloyd steamship Friedrich der Grosse, from Bremen, yesterday. In less than an hour from that time he was committed by United States Commissioner Russ in default of \$1,000 bail on a charge of attempted smuggling.

It is jewelry to the amount of \$2,500 that Mr. Emanuel is charged with trying to bring into the country without paying duty, and it was due to Customs Detectives Brown and Donohue that he did not succeed. Emanuel adopted an original way to effect his purpose, but the sharp eyes of the detectives caught him.

When Emanuel landed, he was met by his wife and daughter, who embraced him rapturously. Detective Donohue, who was standing near, saw him slip something to his wife and then go on mopping his forehead with the silk handkerchief.

The detective asked Mrs. Emanuel to give him the package her husband had handed her, and after one glance at his badge she complied. It proved to contain a handsome bracelet set with brilliants.

At the moment Detective Donohue took the bracelet Mr. Emanuel had requested his wife to hand him a clean handkerchief. She was about to comply when Emanuel suddenly thrust the soiled one in his pocket and started for the office of the appraiser on the pier, where he declared table linen and leather pocket books to the amount of \$47.70.

The detectives stood by while this was going on, and then Donohue touched him on the arm and requested a private interview.

It was granted unwillingly enough, and in a private room on the pier Donohue drew forth the soiled handkerchief from Emanuel's pocket, and found it to contain an elaborate brooch set with three large diamonds. Then Emanuel was searched, and an extra gold watch, with the maker's tag on, was in his pocket.

Emanuel's protests that he did not intend to smuggle the jewelry availed him nothing. He was arrested and the jewels taken to the secure room in this city. Mr. Emanuel lives at No. 247 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street.

No effort has yet been made to arrest Mrs. Phyllis Dodge, of this city, from whom jewels worth at least \$50,000 were seized by Deputy Surveyor Dowdy, who she landed here from the American liner St. Paul some weeks ago.

POLICEMAN WHO ROBBED A DEAD MAN SENTENCED.

Thomas O'Brien Pleads Guilty and Will
Be Imprisoned at Sing Sing for Four
Years and Three Months.

Policeman Thomas F. O'Brien, who was accused of robbing a dead body, sat with his head bowed yesterday morning in Part I of the Court of General Sessions, when Judge Blanchard sentenced him to four years and three months' imprisonment in Sing Sing.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

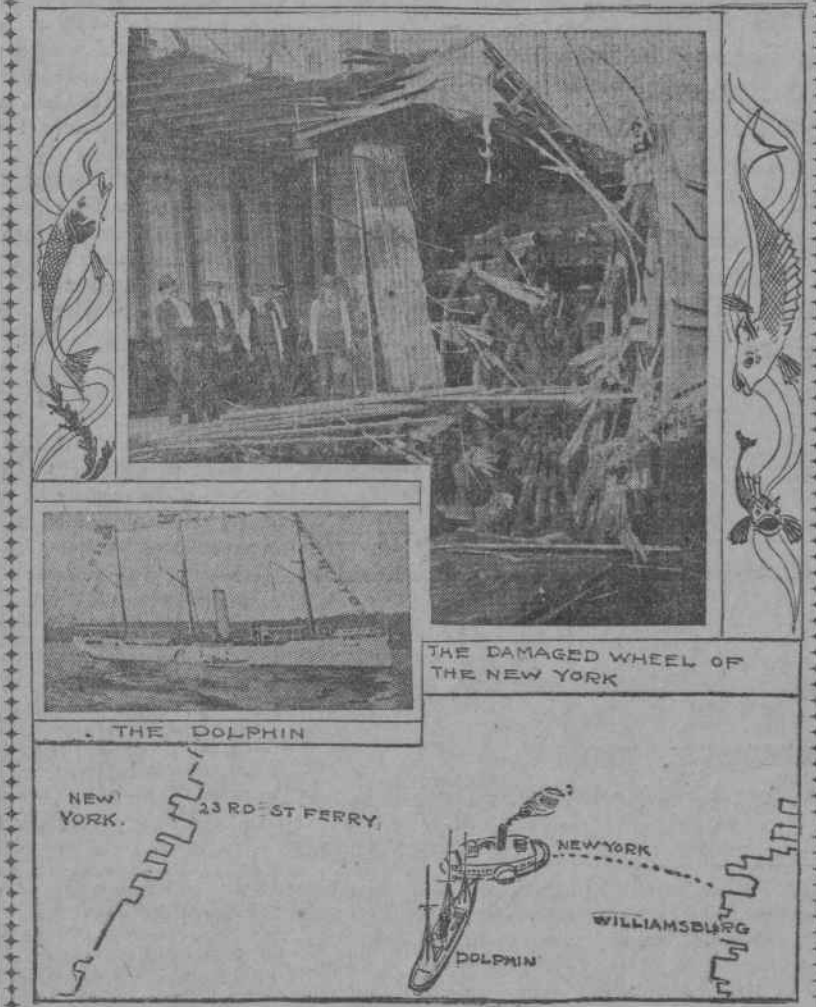
O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

O'Brien was attached to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. On June 10 Captain G. B. Rhoads, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, was killed at Eighty-third and One Hundred and Thirty-second street by a trolley car. O'Brien took charge of the body, and while waiting for the police station to give them up when temptation overcame him.

DOLPHIN CRASHES INTO FERRYBOAT.



Damage Inflicted on Ferryboat New York by the Dolphin's Bow.
(From a Photograph Taken by a Journal Artist.)

With Secretary of the Navy Long on Board of Her,
the United States Gunboat Strikes and Totally
Disables the New York—No One Hurt.

THE ability of the gunboat Dolphin as a ram was demonstrated to Mr. John D. Long, Secretary of the United States Navy, yesterday morning in a way to make that gentleman shiver. The head of the Dolphin rushed into the ferryboat New York, off the foot of South Sixth street, Williamsburg, and in less than two minutes the New York was a floating wreck, her starboard paddle wheel and box and the men's cabin being reduced to splinters. No one was hurt on either boat.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

The Dolphin came off with a twisted cut-water and a few dents in her bow plating, and steamed up the river with the Secretary's pennant floating merrily in the breeze. The Secretary himself did not recover from the shock so readily.

BICYCLE TRIED TO DROWN ITS RIDER.

Thomas G. Shearman,
on His Wheel, Dived
Into Lake Lucerne.

COULDN'T FREE HIS LEGS

Had the Water Been Deeper,
Brooklyn Would Have Lost
a Famous Single Taxer.

Thomas G. Shearman, who is a Brooklyn lawyer, single taxer, free trader and wheelman, writes from Switzerland to members of the Plymouth Church, of which he is a member, an account of a narrow escape he had recently from drowning in Lake Lucerne.

With his wife Mr. Shearman left the City of Churches and journeyed to France. They had their wheels with them, and they enjoyed the delightful roads. Then they passed over to Switzerland, and it was in that country, on Sunday, July 9, that the accident occurred that nearly gave Mr. Shearman a damp grave in a Swiss lake.

The Single Taxer was wheeling by himself, his wife having returned to their hotel. He was going along a path near the lake on a down grade when his wheel struck a stone and he and the machine sailed over a five-foot wall. His legs mixed themselves up with the wheel, and he dragged it into the water with him, and the wheel dragged him with it, he is not sure which.

Then arose a struggle between rider and bicycle, in which the latter seemed to be endowed with the malignity of a fiend and to wish to destroy its owner.

Do what he could, he was unable to get free, and the wheel, in its writhings, kept taking him further into the lake.

Fortunately for him, the water was not deep at that point.

Some of the members of Plymouth Church think that if Mr. Shearman had confined his wheeling to week days and not practised it on the Sabbath, the accident would not have occurred.

The danger is a new one in Swiss travelling, and suggests the possibility of inventing a bicycle that will float when it takes a header into one of the Swiss lakes.

MAN HIT BY BICYCLE DIES.

F. C. Hawkins, of Newark, the Victim,
Wheelman Who Hurt Him Missing.

Frederick C. Hawkins, sixty-two years old, died at his home, No. 19 Beech street, Newark, yesterday. He was injured early Monday morning by being knocked down by an unknown bicycle rider at Walnut and Mulberry streets.

Several pedestrians ran to the assistance of the two men. They were assisted to their feet, and while some men were engaged in brushing the dirt from Mr. Hawkins' clothing the cyclist disappeared.

Mr. Hawkins appeared to be in no danger, but now internal injuries are supposed to have caused his death.

All Cars Transfer to
Zoomingdales
3d Ave., 59th & 60th Sts.

Tremendous Sale of Furniture—Blankets—The James
Means 3.50 Shoe for Men at 1.75—Are All Features of the Great Mill and Factory Sale.

The Dressing
Sacques.

LAWN DRESSING SACQUES, in pretty stripes, tight fitting back, full front, sailor collar, special, 39

EMPIRE LAWN SACQUE, in plain colors, pink, blue, lavender and black, full front, tight back, trimmed with lace and insertion, 1.49

LAWN SACQUE, tucked front, fitted back, turn-over collar, fancy cuffs, embroidery trimmed, 1.98

The Ladies' Summer Skirts.

LADIES' SUMMER SKIRTS, duck, crash, white pique, polka dots, burlaps, circular shapes, deep hems, some trimmed, others tailor finished, special at 98

LADIES' WHITE PIQUE SKIRTS, circular style, elaborately trimmed with insertion, newest effect, 1.98

The Unusual Umbrella Sale.

Our Great Sale of Umbrellas surpasses all previous efforts. New goods are being added daily at the lowest prices made this season. These, together with half prices for our stock of Sun Umbrellas, make a matchless array of bargains.

Lot 1—26 and 28 inch BLACK BRITANNIA UMBRELLAS, with Dresden, Congo and Weisel handles, for men and women, at 49

Lot 2—24-inch BLACK SILK CAROLLA UMBRELLAS, with Congo or Dresden handles; \$1.00 would be a fair price for them, at 69

Lot 3—24 and 26 inch ROYAL BLUE SILK GLORIA SUN UMBRELLAS, case and tassel to match, Congo or Dresden handles, made to sell at \$1.50, at 95

Lot 4—26 and 28 inch SILK BRITANNIA TAFFETA OR TWILL UMBRELLAS, with case and tassel to match, fine Congo handles, plain or sterling silver trimmed, for men or women, at 95

Lot 5—24, 26 and 28 inch UNION TAFFETA SILK UMBRELLAS, with case and tassel to match, fine Boxwood, Horn, Pearl, Dresden or Congo sterling silver trimmed handles, for men or women; umbrellas that usually sell for \$2.00 and \$2.50, at 1.25

Lot 6—24, 26 and 28 inch ALL-SILK TAFFETA OR ALL-SILK SERGE UMBRELLAS, case and tassel to match, with finest imported hardwood handles, some plain and some sterling silver trimmed, also fine Dresden, for men or women; umbrellas that usually sell for \$2.50 to \$3.50, at 1.75

Main Floor, Front, Centre.